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The Student's Pen



October

1943

The Student's Pen

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BASEBALL TEAM

First Row—Sullivan, Bushey, Evans, Morrell, Morowski, Boudreau, Brown, Freehoffer, MacHaffie, Papirio
 Second Row—Niver, Ginsberg, Ditmar, Gomes, Totaro, Galey, Meledeo, Vacchina
 Third Row—Everhart, Hunt, Christianson, Gwinell, Goodrich, Potter, Skochinsky
 Fourth Row—Flynn, Brusighini

7- I heard you cried last night. 6- Put your arms
 8- For the first time. Around me honey

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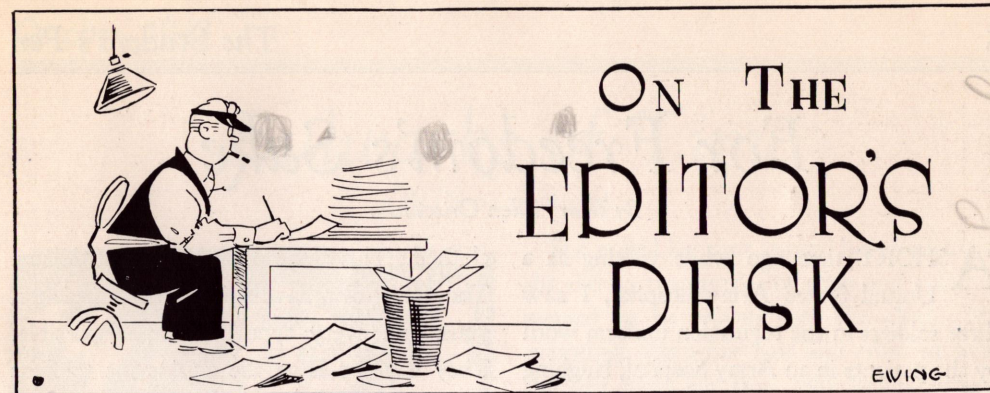


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THE SENIORS GO TO THE POLLS TO ELECT THEIR CLASS OFFICERS



Part-Time Professionals

By Paul Perry

IN behalf of the seniors and other more experienced scholars of Pittsfield High School, THE PEN welcomes the newcomers to our ranks, namely, the sophomores.

In many respects this year of school will be far different from others. We are faced with new problems and new situations. In peacetime the schools attempted to turn out intelligent, well-educated youths, capable of taking their places as citizens of the community. Now the primary object is to educate our youth to fight for their country. Many required pre-induction courses have cut down on the optionals the boys would like to take. Time is at a premium. Many of our teachers have gone off to war, and no one has come to replace them. We are confronted with crowded classes due to a shortage of teachers. Individual instruction is out. The burden of learning has fallen on the pupil. And we must realize that our studies now are important to our victory in the war.

Another important element in the educational scene is the after-school employment of large numbers of our students. Many pupils are being dismissed at two o'clock in order to work special shifts at war factories and mills or to get in an extra hour of work at stores.

Although numerous people have questioned the desirability of this after-school employment, it is a recognized fact that without

these boys and girls a large proportion of our stores and other places of business would find it difficult to operate. There is simply no one else who could fill their jobs. In countless mills, stores, and factories, many positions such as those of stock clerks, sales clerks, office boys and others have been left vacant by the drafting of the adults who formerly filled them. It is here that high school students take up the slack.

But there is a vital factor in the all-over picture which must not be overlooked. These students who work after school are in a sense leading two lives. After school they are professional people, clerks, saleswomen, stock boys, office boys; but in school they are still students, studying so that their learning may make a better world tomorrow. We cannot lose sight of that fact. Because their study after school is reduced, because other social activities cut down on their nighttime study hours, these pupils especially, as well as all others, should make sure that every minute of classroom instruction counts, that no moments of study periods are wasted. These "part-time professionals" are contributing vitally now to the war effort. Very soon their knowledge must contribute to the world of tomorrow. They must pass the torch of learning undimmed to future generations. Let it not falter now in their hands.

For Freedom's Sake

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello

A SHORT time ago while visiting at a United States Army hospital, I saw three soldiers in the regulation uniform worn by the patients in an Army hospital, laughing happily at a joke one of them had just told. They were headed toward the Red Cross room, and were walking down the corridor, each with his right hand on the shoulder of the one in front. They aroused my interest, and I inquired about them. I was told that the man leading was completely deaf, his ear drums having been shattered by the explosion of a bomb at close range. One arm had been shot off. The other two boys were blind in both eyes, the blindness caused by head wounds received from a German bullet and a piece of shrapnel. The first man served as the eyes, and the other two served as the ears for the group. These three had become firm friends, and each one was helpless without the other. Throughout the world many of our men are suffering as these are.

Take, for instance, an incident of the South Pacific warfare. Two pals were lying in a fox hole looking out for Jap snipers. One boy put his helmet on top of his bayonet and lifted it above the edge of the fox hole, hoping that the Jap snipers would fire at it. When no sound was heard, the boy put his helmet on his head and stood up. Immediately he was killed, shot through the neck, while the other lad was severely wounded. Only through the help of the medical supplies such as blood plasma, the sulfa drugs, and many other necessary things was the second man given a chance to live.

There are 10,000,000 men and women in our armed forces, and they must be fed and

clothed. This alone costs billions of dollars. They must also have ships, tanks, airplanes, guns, and every type of weapon possible. They have to have the equipment to fight with, and we must give our money and effort in order to provide it, and thus secure the long awaited victory. It depends upon us whether our boys come back to their loved ones and their homes. We can never equal what they are giving, but we must be behind them and see that they get everything they need.

If only the public could walk through an Army or Navy hospital, they would feel ashamed that they had ever thought of complaining about the inconveniences that the war brings. In those hospitals are men who will be crippled for the rest of their lives, men with only one arm or leg, men shot through the head or neck, men with stomach or chest injuries. Some have had the nerves torn or cut in some part of the body. These men, the majority of them only boys, are helpless. They may never again have the use of the injured limb.

Is it too much to ask you to invest your money in the future with the promise that after ten years you will get your money back with interest? Were these men given an investment on their lives? Yet they were willing to give up everything for you and your freedom.

Those three pals whom I saw walking to the Red Cross room gave something for their country; for you, for me; something that can never be returned. We shall never be able to repay, but we can help them now by giving till it hurts and hurts some more.

Bulwarks of Time

By Gloria Goldsmith



SHE pulled open the heavy wooden door, walked through the anteroom, and entered the church. There were others praying on the old, carpeted wooden floor, and the sound of their voices gave some comfort to her frightened body. She walked softly to her seat and sat down. She did not pray, but sat there, instead, with her hands clasped tightly before her.

The pounding in the back of her neck subsided, little by little, and breathing came more easily. No one seemed to notice her. Overhead the death demons roared on, and there was no safety in the world below.

Faintly she could hear the crash of buildings and the agonized screams of the bombs' victims. She doubted the reasonableness of coming into the church for safety. But when the bombardment had started, she had run to the church, because it was the only building in sight that had not, as yet, been struck.

There had not been any shelters provided for in the church since it was an old structure. She realized that it would be a death trap if it was to be hit.

She pulled her coat around her, noticing as she did so that pieces of glass and splinters seemed to be woven into the cloth. She smoothed down her hair and tried to wipe the dirt from her face. She looked around at the people kneeling on the floor.

She was too frightened to cry, but she knew that she would like to cry if there was time. Now all she could do was to hold her nerves together.

She looked up to the pulpit and saw Reverend Carlyle. He was reading the Bible and as she looked up, his eyes met hers. He smiled and went on reading. When he had finished, he left the pulpit, descended the steps, and walked over to comfort the shivering, frightened girl. The congregation went on praying, oblivious of individual fears. They called out for a power to save mankind from the monster it had created.

Reverend Carlyle stood beside her, and she wondered if a bomb would make any impression on this being.

"Anna, my dear, may I help you, somehow?" he asked.

She looked grimly up at him, "You could pray for a miracle to take those planes away."

"My child, you are frightened. So am I. But miracles, unfortunately, can't take those planes away. They are man-made and must be removed by man."

"Then why do we waste our time in praying?"

"I don't believe these people here are praying for a bolt of lightning to clear the skies. I think they are praying for courage."

"Courage! Bombs seem to have a great deal of respect for courage."



"True, courage will not stop a bomb. But courage can determine the damage a bomb can do. We pray, Anna, not to prolong life, but to give some richness and worth to the life we are living. We pray to give some meaning to the hours we have on earth. We pray for strength to meet the test of life and living. I cannot ask you to pray to stop the horror and the terror that these bombs will cause among our people. But I do ask you to pray for strength to enable you to stand whatever comes."

"A bomb may strike this place any minute. We that are in it are doomed to die if it happens. Having courage will not make it any easier or nobler. Death is not easy or noble."

"Anna, all humans have to meet death sooner or later. But the crucial test is whether or not we can meet life."

"I know that few will ever know that we met the inevitable with courage. But it is to ourselves that we must prove whether or not we are worth the life that was given to us."

Above the town the planes moved away to another section.

"Other powers seem to be bent on taking all of the life given to us," Anna protested.

"Yes, I know that. But since the world has been ruled by war-lords and money-makers, this was bound to happen. It is for us to turn the tide on them and salvage what we can of our lives."

"If you knew this would happen, why didn't you prevent it?" she sobbed.

"The church did cry out against it. But only a few heard. The rest went on taking what they could and giving nothing. We were powerless to stop it, and so we prayed with those that still stayed with us."

"When will you realize," asked the girl, "that the power of the church is nearly gone? That you have no influence—that your ruling days are over?"

"Anna, the church has been here for centuries, through a thousand wars. Each time the war-lords and the money-makers hope to destroy us, and each time we emerge stronger. True, there are times when the chant of the war-lords is louder than the words of ministers, but we remain. We have stood the test of nature, of people, and of time."

Overhead the planes flew, dropping their deadly cargoes of destruction. The motors above were louder—then quieter as they moved away, only to return again later.

Anna heard them and looked again at the man beside her.

"Perhaps what you say is true," she said in a tired voice. "I don't know. I wish I did. I only know that all the world I've known is gone, and I am alone and afraid."

"Our world is gone and it remains for us to build a new one. Much of the old was bad, anyway."

"But it was safe," she said.

"Yes, it was safe, and it led into this," he answered.

Overhead the droning grew louder again and she jumped up. "I can't stay in here! I've got to get out. Stay here if you wish and burn alive, but I'm leaving."

"No, Anna," he cried, "you must not leave. There is safety nowhere; we must find it in ourselves."

"There is nothing in me but nerves and fear. I will not stay!" She pulled away from him and was gone before he could stop her.

She ran out into the screeching world of flames and death. She started running towards the hills. She ran on, knowing nothing besides the fact that she had not been hit. Finally, she came to the outskirts of the town, and climbed the hill road that led over the mountains. For hours she pressed on, until it was dark, and she could go no further.

She slept there all night, and in the morning, a bright sun woke her. Her clothes were torn and ragged, and the scent of smoke and dirt was heavy on her. She pulled herself up and started walking along the old road that she had run up the night before. Her feet were swollen and her body ached. She wanted to lie down somewhere in a warm bed and sleep. But she knew there were no warm beds, and that there could be no sleep.

Behind her she heard a bicycle and she stepped in front of it, motioning the driver to stop. The rider was a young man with his belongings strapped upon his back.

"Hello, there," he said cheerfully.

"Did you come from the town?" she asked.

"Yes. It's pretty awful. Did you live there?"

She nodded, and he went on. "I'm a war-correspondent from the States. I've seen a lot of bombings, but this was the worst. The town was ruined. Funny thing, though," he continued, "the church was left standing."



A DYING SOLDIER'S THOUGHTS

By Paul Perry

I really don't mind going this way now—
Because I'd have to go sometime, somehow.
It's all so sudden, like a bolt from the blue,—
They got my buddy; now they've killed me,
too.

A sudden spurt of flame among the brush,—
The blood begins to flow in sullen rush
Of scarlet. See the sun glint through the
trees
Upon me as I struggle to my knees.

The landscape spins before my misted eyes,
And then I'm falling,—and I realize
My number's up, I'm going to my grave
With none to comfort me, and none to save.

My jumbled thoughts are drifting back to
home,
Back to that little town I left to roam
The world, when duty called me, loud and
clear.
I've fought my fight, and now I'm dying
here.

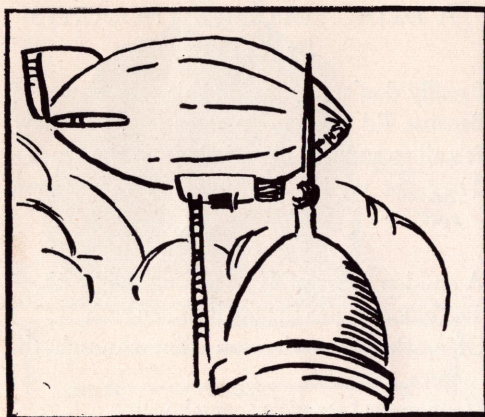
To you across the wild and restless seas,
I offer up my fervent prayer that these
Who die in far-off lands, in muck and rain,
Will live again, and have not died in vain.

And now it's come, for I can feel my heart
That beats within me; soon now it will start
To falter, sputter, stop, and I will die,
I leave the flame of freedom: keep it high!



Scientific Progress

By Paul Feldman



ELECTRONICS is no new word to you; pyrotechnics is a term you are all more or less familiar with (mostly less, but so what?); but here's a new scientific handle to add to your vocabulary—one we bet you've never heard of before—*sophomoronics*.

This word is derived from two ancient Tanganyikan phrases, "sopho," which means, "How do I get to the fourth floor, please?" "moron," literally translated into, "Pooh! those departmentals can't be as hard as they say!" and "ics," which is put on the end to make it sound more technical.

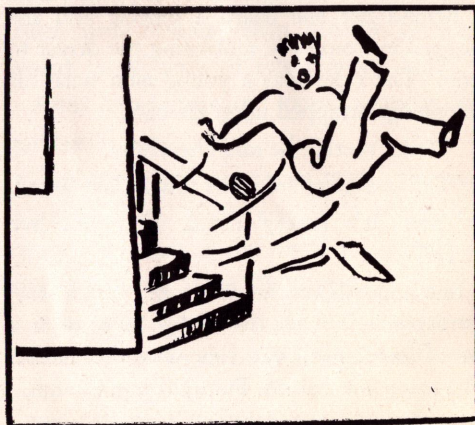
This wonder science was developed to try to find the cause of, and a panacea for, the dread disease of *sophomoronia*, which causes students to creep about the halls in veritable orgies of fear and terror, and to adhere firmly to ridiculous rumors which no one seems to be able to disprove to his satisfaction.

Examples of these beliefs are numerous. For instance, sophomores are quite sure that the fourth floor, and not heaven, is where they will go when they pass away, and that said fourth floor is a hidden paradise, a Shangri-

la, a Garden of Eden, where janitors, teachers, juniors, and seniors don't exist.

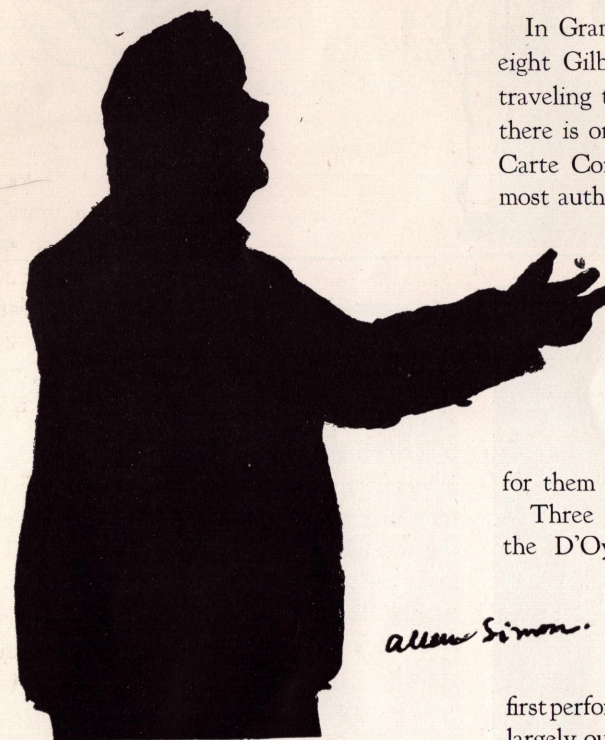
It is rumored that some teachers have noticed sophomores suffering from strained necks. The reason is obvious. They are looking for a dirigible, belonging to our worthy principal, that is said to be moored to the pinnacle of the dome. Allegedly, Mr. Strout flies to school every day, but we upperclassmen all know the idea is silly. Any senior will tell you Gassy Gerty, the dirigible, was given to the government long ago, to help hunt down German subs.

However, there is hope for our suffering *sophomoroniacs*. Two noted scientists here at school, named — and —, have found a cure. The prescription goes as follows: "One tablespoon of concentrated sulphuric acid, to be administered every three to four seconds until marked effect is noted." We are not positive, but we think that we heard _____ mutter as we left the lab, "That ought to take care of the little dopes. They had no business being sophomores anyhow!"



"The Gondoliers"

By Mildred Nigrelli



In Grandmother's day there were six or eight Gilbert and Sullivan opera companies traveling throughout the world. At present there is one outstanding troupe, the D'Oyle Carte Company of England. They are the most authentic group of Gilbert and Sullivan performers. Before these days of strife and warfare, tickets for an opera presented by this company had to be purchased months ahead of time, so magnificent were their performances. Unfortunately, because of war conditions, it is now impossible for them to play in the United States.

Three years ago the advance manager of the D'Oyle Carte Company was passing through Pittsfield at the time the senior class was presenting "The Mikado". Having read of the record attendance for the

first performance, he attended the second night, largely out of curiosity. Imagine his surprise, to see a group of high school students performing with the ease and skill of professionals. After the performance, he went backstage to say a word of praise to Mr. Gorman and the cast.

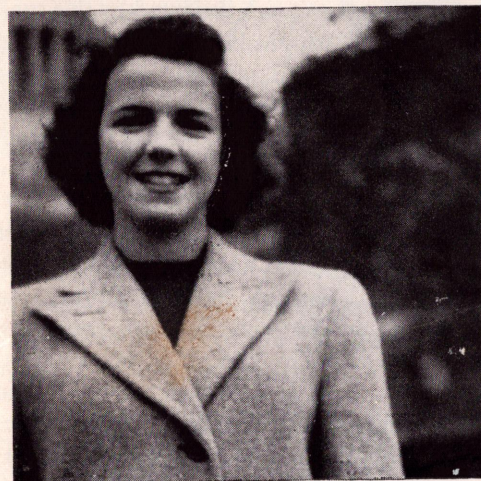
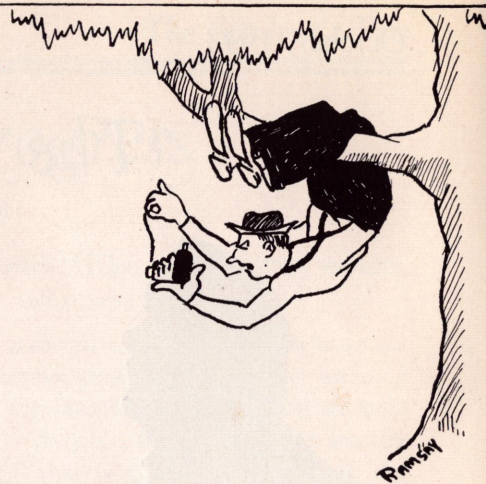
"The Gondoliers" which is to be presented by the present seniors, February 17th and 18th, 1944, is noted for its catchy tunes, beautiful costumes and scenery, and the numerous dances throughout the entire performance. The music is of Bohemian type, with its wild gypsy strains and syncopated rhythm.

It is excellent entertainment for young and old alike, so remember, it's a date to see "The Gondoliers" at the Pittsfield High School Auditorium, February 17th and 18th, 1944.

THIS year the operetta to be presented by the Senior Class is "The Gondoliers". It is to be directed by Mr. F. Carl Gorman, head of the music department, and this means that the success of the production is assured.

Mr. Gorman, who is an "old hand" at directing Gilbert and Sullivan operas, was reminiscing recently about the changes that have taken place in methods of presenting school operettas. "In the old days," said Mr. Gorman, "the students hired their own directors, stage managers, costumes, scenery and the like, with no help from the school authorities or the city in which they lived. Today, we are much more fortunate, indeed, for, not only have we the whole-hearted support and assistance of the faculty, but of the general public as well."

WHO'S WHO



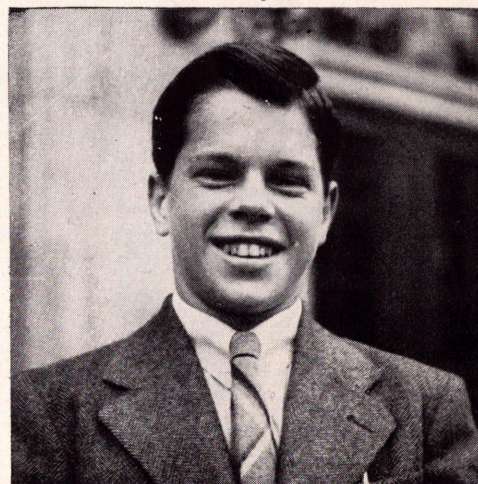
SHIRLEY JARVIE

POPULARITY PLUS

Presenting Shirley Jarvie, president of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y and co-president of the Hi-Y-Tri Hi-Y Council. Alert and charming, she is keen on swimming and skating, and is currently making a stab at horseback riding. Tommy Dorsey and Harry James are her favorite band leaders and if any of you would like a super jitterbug partner, you need seek no farther. The line forms to the right!

YE EDITOR

Meet ye worthy Editor-in-Chief of this year's PEN, senior Paul Perry. Writing is far from being his only *forte*, though. He's a member of the band (clarinet) and also of the Debating Club. Goes in for sports, too, especially sailboat racing. His one great weakness is salted peanuts. In peacetime, Paul would be planning on majoring in journalism and advertising. But just now, Navy V-12 is beckoning, and he's headed in that direction. Paul's essays, poems, and short stories have appeared in THE PEN for the past two years; and, if they are a good sample, we can be sure he will do a fine job as "Ed" this season.



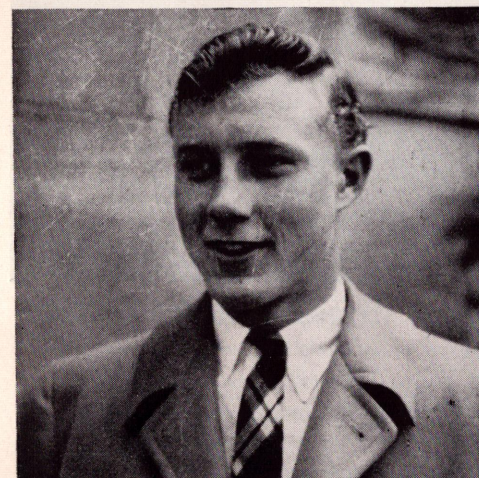
PAUL PERRY

HIGH STEPPER

This attractive senior is Mildred Nigrelli. Pittsfield High's new drum majorette. Better known among her friends as Pee Wee, Mildred is a member of Sigma Tri-Hi-Y, the Victory Corps, and STUDENT'S PEN. Baton practicing is her hobby. She thinks Harry James is tops, and, incidentally, boys, she loves to dance.



MILDRED NIGRELLI



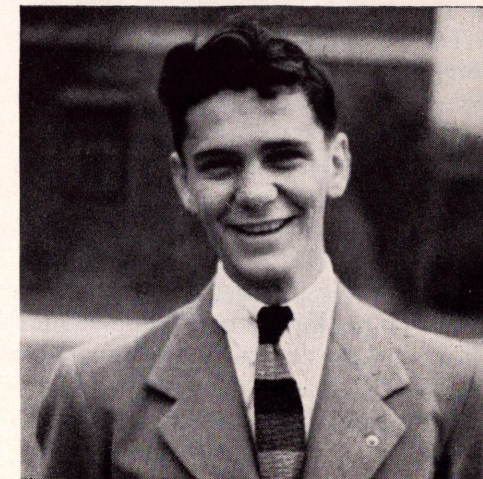
RODNEY BROWN

THREE LETTER MAN

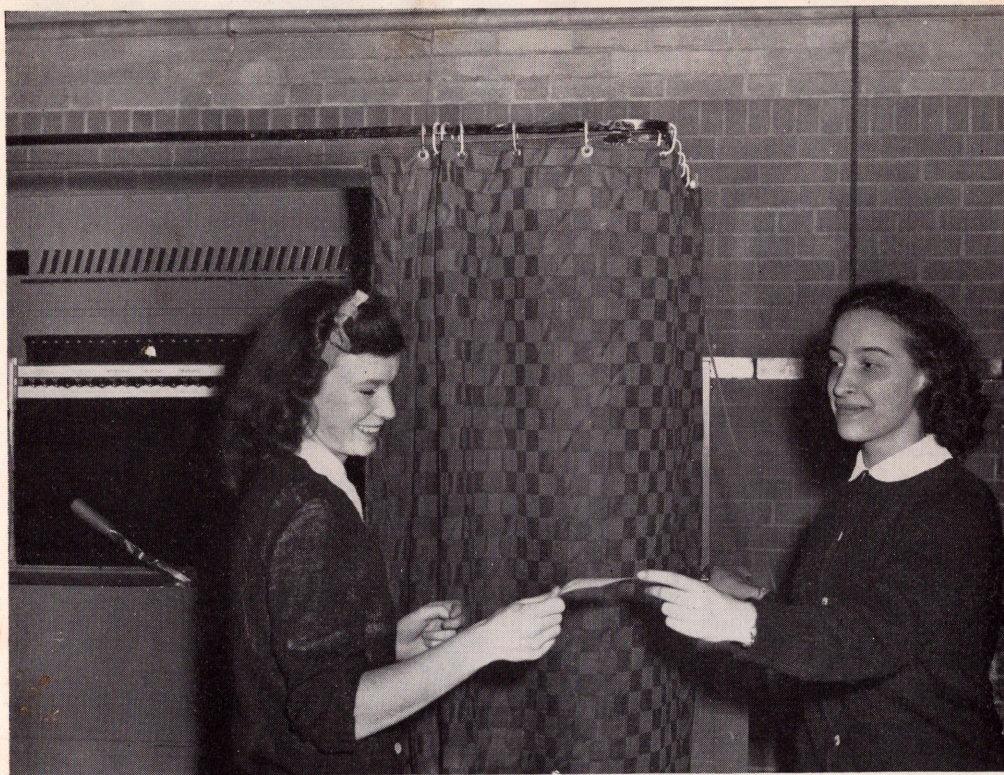
High up in the world is this six foot, one and a half inch blond senior. Very athletic, he plays quarterback on the football team, and is a three-letter man. He plans to go out for all sports again this year. In fact, his main interest in life is sports, with food ranking next. After graduation he hopes to win the silver wings of the Army Air Corps. Good luck, Rod.

FOOTBALL HERO

Presenting Dick Kasuba, football star and first class player. Though temporarily disabled, he is not in the least discouraged by his ill fortune. He claims he enjoys sports in which one gets hurt (! !). Dick plays poker skillfully, but as yet his other hobbies are an undisclosed secret. He likes banana cream pie, brunettes, and sentimental love stories with Hedy Lamarr or Charles Boyer. His main ambition at present is to don the blues of Uncle Sam's Navy.



RICHARD KASUBA



BEFORE VOTING, LOIS YOUNGS SHOWS HER PERMIT TO CHECKER FLORENCE GOMES

THE VOTING MACHINES

By Joseph Bolster

The majority of the Pittsfield High School students are probably curious about the voting machines used in the Senior Class elections.

The voting machines are owned by the City of Pittsfield and will be used in the primary and general elections in wards two and four.

The Senior Class was able to use the voting machines through the co-operation of Pittsfield's City Clerk, Mr. John Fitzgerald, and Mr. Claude Tuckey, a government man.

Pittsfield High School is the first high school in Massachusetts to use these machines in class elections, although they have been used in schools in other states.

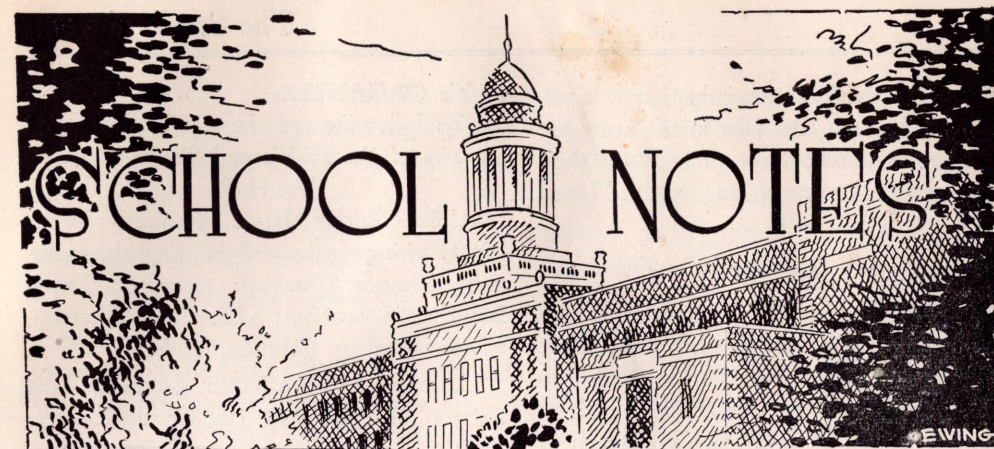
The regular procedure of city elections was followed in the senior class elections.

There were ballot clerks who took the attendance when the seniors went to vote.

Names were checked from a voters list and the voter was given a permit which allowed him to vote. This permit was handed to a person in front of the voting machines and the voter then stepped inside the curtains to vote.

At the bottom of the machine there is a master switch with a red knob on it. This switch is turned to the right closing the curtains and the voting begins. The names of the candidates for various offices are arranged in rows with levers above the names. The voter presses down the lever above the name of the candidate for whom he wishes to vote.

After the voter has finished voting, the master switch is turned to the left thus registering the votes, the curtain opens, and the voting is finished.



SO LONG, ROOM 236

Mr. Joseph McMahon, one of our favorites in English, left us this summer for an indefinite stay with the Navy. He's a lieutenant (j.g.) and is stationed at Fisher's Island, Long Island Sound, in case you girls have an address book handy. Our best wishes go with you, Mr. McMahon, and may we add, heaven help Hitler!

SENIOR NOTES

On the 4th of October the seniors went to the polls to vote with the new voting machines. The officers selected were: President, William Troy; First Vice President, Helen Beauchemin; Second Vice President, James Garivaltis; Secretary, Anne Fairfield; Treasurer, Jane Granfield.

Congratulations and good luck to you all in your new offices!

The following have been chosen to serve on the class council: Boys—Charles Alberti, Jr., Robert Boland, Joseph Coy, Rodger Decker, James Flanagan, Richard Howes, John Kelley, Louis Mariani, Donald Morey, Robert Quattrochi, Gordon Reynolds, John Shea, Roy Walchenbach, Louis Tezza, Ernest Harubin, Joseph Savary. Girls—Jessie M. Barnes, Joan Byrne, Kathleen Connors, Agnes Eulian, Annette Galletly, Helen Hodecker, Shirley Jarvie, Vera Linke, Marian E. May, Marion Para, Jennie Ropelewski, Lois Tufts, Elaine Vosburgh, Eleanor Ziemba.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

In these busy war days, the Vocational Departments are vital to the war industries. More skilled machinists, more welders, more auto mechanics, and more sheet metal workers and draftsmen are needed, if the positions of men who have gone into the armed services are to be filled by workers who know their jobs.

To train these workers, thousands of dollars worth of machinery has been installed in our Trade School Department. The machine shop has installed five new millers, one universal grinder, and one Blanchard Disc grinder. These are all new machines being used to train machine operators.

The Auto-Body Departments have been doing a wonderful job on the cars of teachers. It's amazing how easily some teachers get dents in their car fenders, but the Auto-Body group irons them out, and, with a little polish, the cars look almost new.

The Woodworking Department has been patching up old desks and drafting equipment, which otherwise would have been scrapped.

The Sheet Metal Department has installed a new "brake" for bending sheet iron up to one-sixteenth of an inch.

Many former members of the vocational classes are now in the armed forces. Letters are received daily by the teachers of the different departments, saying that the shop

courses are the best pre-induction courses, and also that the best jobs in the army are open to those who have profited by their school work. Remember the slogan, "Learn today; live tomorrow!"

WATCH OUT, JAPAN!

What shall we do with our problems and our economics? Mr. Maloney, popular social science teacher, left for the United States Army, October 14th. All kinds of luck to you, Mr. Maloney, and when you teach us again, we'll address you as "Major" Maloney!

LIBRARY CLUB

The Library Club, still in its incipient stage, has held but one official meeting. Plans for the year, including the election of officers, were discussed. Names of the officers and the outline of work will appear in next month's issue of THE PEN.

HELPING SANTA CLAUS

When the boys overseas receive their Christmas packages sent by the Pittsfield Salvage Committee, they'll not only have the Committee to be grateful to, but also, the Commercial students of Pittsfield High School, who, during their typing classes, made carbon copies of the service men's names from the gift application blanks. The pupils felt that this was the least they could do for their brothers "across". Here's hoping the boys will receive their packages on Christmas Day.

MORE GAS COMING

The Commercial students have scored again. Responding to an S. O. S. sent out by the local Gasoline Rationing Board, the Commercial classes typed out the blanks for the new gas ration books, completing 14,000 in two days. That is a record of which to be proud. Hats off to the Commercial students and their able instructors.

Hi-Y's ORGANIZE

The following are the new officers and advisers of the Hi-Y's and Tri-Hi-Y's:

Tri-Hi-Y

Alpha—Shirley Jarvie, president; Vera Linke, vice president; Sybil English, secretary; Eleanor Caravoti, treasurer; Helen Beauchemin, warden; Mrs. Oscar Peterson, adviser; Barbara Johnson, leader.

Gamma—Marilyn Miner, president; Lois Shipton, vice president; Jane Granfield, secretary; Nancy Organ, treasurer; Mary Miller, warden; Mrs. Francis Jaehnert, adviser; Jane Tabor, leader.

Sigma—Ruth Cornock, president; Adele Peplowski, vice president; Agnes Lowe, secretary; Rose Carnevale, treasurer; Jean Castanova, warden; Helen Lech, chaplain; Mrs. Kurt Gabel, adviser; Betty Jane Bronson, leader.

Beta—Grace Shelsey, president; Isabel Scott, vice president; Virginia Roth, secretary; Marian E. May, treasurer, Carolyn Holden, warden; Miss Betty Wade, adviser.

Delta—Helen Hebert, president; Jennie Ropelewski, vice president; Mary Ellen Brian, secretary; Dorothy Collins, treasurer; Evelyn Olanie, warden; Cornella Biedrzcki, chaplain; Anne Rosenthal, leader.

Zeta K.—Theresa Keegan, president; Jean Nesbit, vice president; Joan Bassett, secretary; Fay Henry, treasurer; Betty Durwin, warden; Joan Byrne, chaplain; Miss Janet Shipton, adviser.

Hi-Y

Senior—Robert Quattrochi, president; James Horth, vice president; Robert Collins, secretary; Norman Quillard, treasurer; Andrew Shelsey, warden; Mr. George W. Goddard, adviser.

Torch—Kenneth Dallmeyer, president; Roy Walchenbach, vice president; Charles Alberti, Jr., secretary; Thomas Evans, treasurer; Napoleon Reid, warden; Mr. Harold Tabor, adviser.

Hi-Y, Tri-Hi-Y Council—Shirley Jarvie, Kenneth Dallmeyer, co-presidents; Andrew Shelsey, vice president; Lois Shipton, secretary.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS' RALLY

By Elaine Barnes

September the twenty-ninth marked a great day in the history of P. H. S., for we were all privileged to hear and see five of America's outstanding and best known authors.

Mark Van Doren, novelist, critic, and 1940 Pulitzer Prize winner for poetry, was master of ceremonies at the assembly, and we were all quite flattered when he remarked that he had never heard "The Star Spangled Banner" played and sung so well.

The spirited and quick speech of Van Wyck Brooks, the first guest author, was attributed by Mr. Van Doren to his being a presumably new grandfather. An authority on the literature of New England, Mr. Brooks has written such books as "Opinions of Oliver Allston" and "New England Indian Summer". "The Flowering of New England" brought him the Pulitzer Prize.

Fannie Hurst, writer of "Lummox", "Back Street" and others, impressed upon us that as parents of the next generation we must make over this world after the war to insure peace and security for all.

"Make sure you know what people are talking about before you answer their questions," were the words of Walter D. Edmonds, whose books "Drums Along the Mohawk" and "Chad Hanna" rank high on our reading lists.

The stirring story of Stanley Prison Camp in Hong Kong and the people who were interned there, was told by Wenzell Brown, author of "Hong Kong Aftermath." At the outbreak of the war Mr. Brown taught English in China and was in Hong Kong at the

time of its siege and capture by the Japs. In his all too brief talk, Mr. Brown told of the hardships which he and the other Americans went through before and after their internment in Stanley Prison. In his speech at the night rally, this author explained at great length the horrible deaths which most of the soldiers, both American and British, met at the hands of the merciless Japs. These same soldiers sang good old American songs as they marched to surrender to the Japs and shouted "Thumbs Up For Victory" as they passed Mr. Brown.

After many months, three thousand American prisoners were exchanged for three hundred Japanese officials and Mr. Brown was among those thus released.

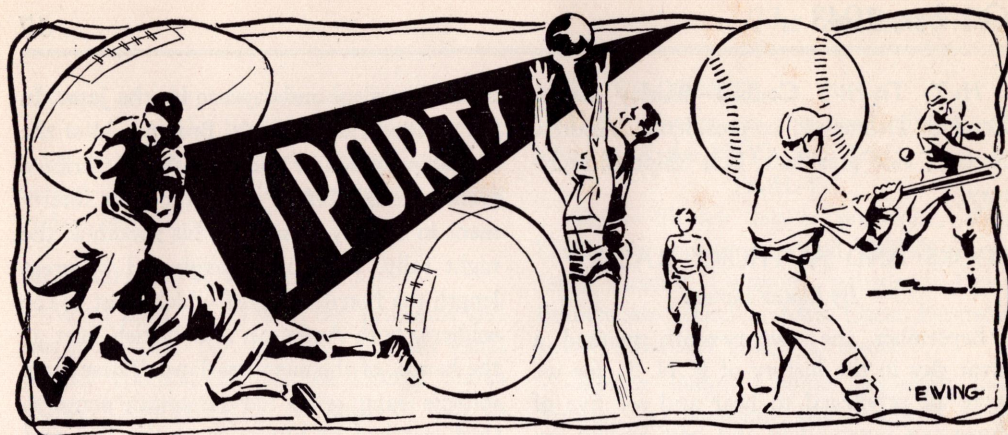
Since his return to America, he has travelled throughout the country urging Americans to buy war bonds and stamps in order to help free the enslaved people all over the world.

At the evening rally, \$1,000,000 worth of bonds were sold. Antonia Jamula, Lois Kiligas, Virginia Roth, Joan Hopper, Marjorie Lottering, Doris Jordan, Rosemary Daniels, and Shirley Grant sold corsages of war stamps.

The conduct of these rallies has been much the same throughout the country. The authors are picked by committees or popular vote and their expenses are paid by publishers. Their work usually consists of a broadcast at the local station, talks before assembled high school students, a reception and dinner at a hotel or country club and at eight-fifteen, the rally at the largest high school or hall. The high point at the rally is the presentation of a manuscript by each author to the town. The most impressive point of all is that the authors give their time and most cherished manuscripts to aid our wonderful country in its fight for victory.

* * * *

Contrary to popular report, Mr. Gorman did not write "Pistol-Packing Mama."



PITTSFIELD WINS A MORAL VICTORY

By Donald Morey

The Adams High School football team, the defending champs of Berkshire County, was lucky at least once this season. The reference is to the Adams—P. H. S. game of October 16, at Deming Playground.

Partiality has no influence on this report. The most rabid Adams rooter can not truthfully say that his team outplayed or, as the score would seem to indicate, played as well as Pittsfield did.

It is impossible to imagine that a football eleven could absorb any more bad breaks in a game than Coach John T. Carmody's pupils did in that contest and still emerge a strong unit.

The final score was 7-7.

That is a poor indication of what really happened. From the opening kickoff, which Rod Brown brilliantly returned, to the final second of play, the P. H. S. football team displayed a hard charging defense and its best offense of the season so far.

The Adams' score in the second period was a much disputed one. After recovering a fumble deep in P. H. S. territory, Adams tried to score by employing a ground offensive. This was stopped by Pittsfield's determined line. Then a pass was attempted on last down from the twelve-yard marker. The defensive backfieldman had no alternative but to tackle the pass receiver on the three-yard line.

Pass interference was ruled, however, and a first down was given to Adams. Captain George Voigt then rammed over for the tally.

In the second half, Pittsfield bounded back when Eddie Paris, the promising sophomore fullback, set up Pittsfield's touchdown with a thirty-yard run on a fake reverse and line play. Brown promptly tied the score with a perfect conversion.

PITTSFIELD WINS 14-0

By Donald Morey

A two-year famine of P.H.S. pigskin victories was partially remedied Saturday, October 9, at Dorothy Deming Field, when Coach John T. Carmody's gridsters established their football authority at the expense of Dalton High with a 14-0 triumph.

Improvement was the keynote in the win. Pittsfield's offense was a complete turnabout from the futile methods of yard-gaining it had employed in its two previous outings. Quarterback Pete Soldato and halfback Rod Brown combined their erstwhile hidden talents and emerged as the stars of the game by leading Pittsfield to its first touchdowns of the season. The P. H. S. line, almost completely changed in personnel from the early season lineup, functioned with considerably more effectiveness than in the two P. H. S. losses.

October, 1943

19

A break decided the initial score. Dalton fumbled the opening kickoff and lost the ball dangerously close to that section of the playing field which was previously barred to any of Mr. Strout's devoted male students who had chosen football as an extra curricular activity. Regardless of tradition, however, Pittsfield smashed over for a touchdown with Eddie Paris taking the honors for the fete, after a Brown to Soldato pass had set the stage.

After a mediocre first half, the game developed an offensive (yard gaining) tone in the third canto which dominated play to the finale. Dalton conducted a sustained march on the ground which monopolized the whole third quarter. The papertowners' air attack was unsuccessful as P. H. S. took the ball on an interception. Then came the fall offensive by Pittsfield as it marched eighty-one yards for its second touchdown with Brown scoring on a short plunge.

Brown kicked both points after touchdown to keep his season place-kicking average at 1.000, two extra points and a field goal.

SPRINGFIELD TECH 21, P. H. S. 0

On October 2, the Pittsfield High football aggregation journeyed to Pratt Field in Springfield and absorbed defeat at the hands of a strong Springfield Tech eleven, 21-0.

Pittsfield played without the services of Dick Kasuba and Rod Brown, the former having been injured and sidelined for the entire season. P. H. S. consequently showed practically nothing in the way of an offense. In fact, its net gain from scrimmage was only five yards.

Pittsfield certainly isn't as weak as the statistics would indicate. The remaining schedule will prove that more coordination among the players will produce more successful results.

GREENFIELD 12—PITTSFIELD 3

By Warren Harmon

Pittsfield's aerial attack failed to bring victory against a strong Greenfield eleven at Deming Field, September 25th. However, a loss was suffered by Pittsfield when Dick Kasuba, its star passer, was put out of the game because of an injury. Greenfield tried only a couple of passes, relying upon its clicking ground plays, which went for first downs time after time.

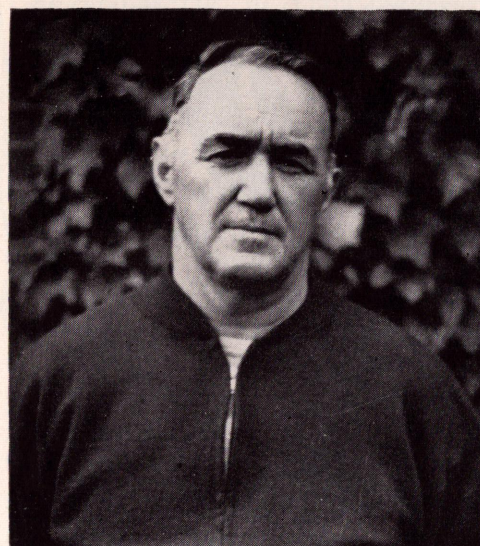
Greenfield's first touchdown came in the second quarter. A well conducted attack got them six consecutive first downs and finally a hard earned touchdown. The extra point failed. Greenfield's second touchdown came after it recovered a Pittsfield fumble on the Pittsfield forty yard line. From there Greenfield made a steady advance with running plays to a touchdown. Again the extra point failed. In the last quarter they almost succeeded in getting another touchdown, but time helped the determined Pittsfield team to prevent this.

Pittsfield's three points came from the field goal kicked by quarterback Rodney Brown from the twenty-two yard line.

A P. H. S. DREAM TEAM

The following team in the opinion of the Sports Editor of the PEN is the P. H. S. dream team of the past three years.

l.e.	John Carmody '42
l.t.	Le Forest Smith '43
l.g.	Andrew Walak '42
c.	Leo Sammon '42
r.g.	Edward Bramley '42
r.t.	Roger Driscoll '42
r.e.	Thomas Ricci '43
g.b.	Anthony Procopio '42
l.h.b.	Theodore Mezejewski '42
r.h.b.	Rodney Brown '44
f.b.	Jerry Kelley '42



BACK AT THE HELM

By William Zalenski

After a lapse of fourteen years, John Carmody, P. H. S. physical director, has been appointed coach of P. H. S. football activities. The likeable, hard-hitting mentor took over his old job the day before the opening game of the season and has been making great steps towards bringing P. H. S. out of its pigskin doldrums.

Coach Carmody first came to P. H. S. in 1921 after having served overseas in World War I. He was made coach of major sports and immediately began turning out fine, smooth-functioning athletic combines, many of which won championships. However, in 1929, Mr. Charles E. Stewart came to P. H. S. and was made coach of major sports. Mr. Carmody became head of the Physical Education Department and coach of minor sports. Coach Carmody, however, still showed he could turn out fine teams, especially in hockey and track.

It can be safely said,—and countless P. H. S. graduates overseas, in army camps, and those on the home front, will agree to

this—that John Carmody has done more for the boys of Pittsfield than any other man. An ardent believer in good, clean living, he has helped countless boys with their troubles and has helped to build the characters and personalities of many more.

Let us all raise our voices in shouting, "Welcome back" to Mr. Carmody as coach of P. H. S. football, and let us sincerely hope that this builder of Pittsfield manhood will add still more glory and honor to the already glorious and honorable name of John Thomas Carmody.

PLAYING THE GAME

(One of Mr. Carmody's favorite poems)

Life is a game with a glorious prize

If we only play it right.

It's give and take, build and break

And often ends in a fight;

But he's sure to win who really tries

(Regardless of wealth or fame),

He can never despair who plays it fair—

How are you playing the game?

Do you wilt and whine, if you fail to win

In the manner you think your due?

Do you sneer at the man in case he can

And does, do better than you?

Do you take rebuffs with a knowing grin?

Do you laugh though you pull up lame?

Does your faith hold true when the world is blue?

How are you playing the game?

Get into the thick of it—wade in, boys!

Whatever your cherished goal;

Brace up your will till your pulses thrill,

And you dare—to your very soul!

Do something more than make a noise;

Let your purpose leap into flame

As you plunge with a cry, "I'll do or die",

Then you will be playing the game.

Anonymous

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Joan Coughlin

Greetings all you girl sports fans!

Here we are again trying to keep up with our readin', ritin', and 'rithmetic, and also with our sports. I know a lot of you girls were looking forward to starting sports again. You all know the old saying, "All work, no play, makes John a dull boy." Well, in this case, it's Sally.

There are quite a few girls in the sport classes, but we could do with more. Don't forget, girls, if you make a team, you win numerals. If your team wins in the tournaments, all members receive a letter. Also if four sets of numerals are obtained, a letter is given. Then, after all of this hard work and four letters, comes the monogram. Letters are also obtained by having one-hundred-fifty points. You can acquire these points by going out for all sports. Being a squadleader helps as squadleaders receive twenty points a year.

Why don't you give it a try? You don't know how it is until you try it. Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors all have classes of their own and all of the games are easily learned.

Badminton is exclusively for the Juniors until December 1st. Then the Seniors take over. Two of the badminton players are Doris Lay and Lois Shipton, who were very stiff competition for the two Senior players, who won the tournament last year. These two look like pretty big threats to the other players in this year's tournaments.

In the boys' gym on almost any afternoon, you'll see our future "Robin Hoods". The beginners are already starting to get bulls-eyes, and, of course, the advanced group are experts. The beginners this year have a very large class composed mostly of sophomores. In the advanced group are Lois Youngs, who won second place in the advanced group last

year, and Mary Ellen Bryan, who won first place in the beginners' group last year.

Archery isn't the only sport that is winning enthusiastic support. A fast and furious game of field hockey is going on outside, between twelve enthusiastic sophomores. Many wild shots are punted, but they are learning fast. Among the Juniors out on the field again this year are Lois Brown, Doris Lay, Bernice Kingsley, Therese Cullen, Mildred Kinghorn, and Jane Kruczkowski.

There are two Cullen sisters out for hockey this year, Theresa, a junior, and Madeline, a senior. Both are forwards and both made the teams last year. In the Senior group, the experienced players are Madeline Seamons, Helen Beauchemin, Shirley Jarvie, Santana Zofrea, Agnes Eulian, and Rosemary Naughton.

Teams will be chosen very soon now.

HERE AND THERE

We hear that Marion May visited "Ye Ole Dartmouth" last week. Fun, eh Marian?

Mr. McMahon didn't relish reading an issue of the Eagle one night. It seems that the article told about his adventures this summer!

Peggy Head possesses a very humorous picture of the teachers taken way, way back in "'36".

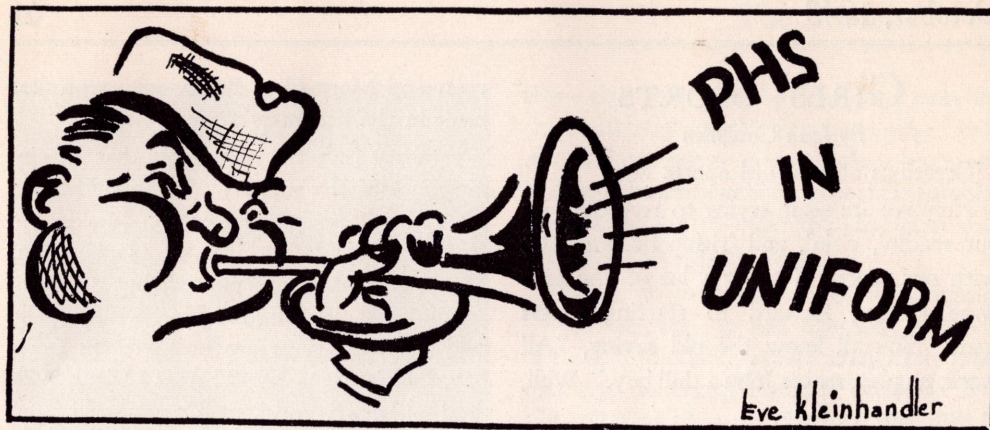
Jimmy Tabor's "pineapple" has grown out, while Alden Brosseau's is just "growing in!"

Mr. Herrick has quite a correspondence with the Navy. Watch out, Ann!

Jane Hooker has taken a great interest in English this year. Wonder why?

Ask Joshua Alperin to show you his technique at snapping fingers. He's professional!

Miss Nagle is back in 107 after her wonderful work in Washington this summer. (No wonder so many Marines went A. W. O. L.!)



By Mary Curtin and Gladys Archambeau

Since June graduation many former Pittsfield High students have joined the ranks of the soldiers, sailors, and marines.

PRIVATE HOWARD NORMAN BORNAK
908 T. G. Flt. 84F.
Miami Beach, Florida.

First on our list is well known and popular Norman Bornak. Norman was last year's basketball captain and took the role of head jailer in the Senior Class Operetta, "The Yeoman of the Guard". He is now stationed in sunny Miami as a military policeman with the Army Air Corps. After basic training is completed, he will continue going to school.

EDWARD RACE, JR.
52 Replacement, Base Company B
Camp Butner, North Carolina

"Juney" Race, now in the Army, had his first leave in October. Juney was a regular member of the basketball team while in school, but has been participating in baseball while finishing his basic training.

PRIVATE FRED JONES
31287108 Battery B
776 G. A. A. (A. W.) B. N.
North Carolina

Private Fred Jones, better known as Fritz, enjoyed his last leave the first of August. Fred, who has successfully completed his basic training, is with the Anti-Aircraft

Division. He writes that U. S. O. dances are very frequent, and many celebrities have entertained at camp, including Betty Grable. Of course, all this adds to the enjoyment of camp life. Among Fritz's favorite hates is K. P., of which he seems to have more than his share. Maybe you ought to become pals with the sergeant, huh, Fritz?

NAVAL AIR CADET J. DONALD PATTEN
Co. 3, Section F
Center Navy Pier, Chicago, Ill.

Don Patten, former bandsman and heart-throb of P. H. S., has completed his basic training at Sampson and is now stationed at the Center Navy Pier, Chicago.

Don, a member of the Class of '42, finds himself well at home in the Windy City, having lived there 11 years before he came to Pittsfield High School.

PVT. ELLIOT M. PREBLE, JR., 11108086
Co. 6 Batt. 2 Regiment 4 A.S.T.P.
Harmony Church Area
Fort Benning, Georgia

After successfully passing the A-12 test, "Preb" was sent to Fort Benning, Ga. When he completes his thirteen weeks of infantry basic, he will be sent to an engineering college. "Preb," a three-year member of the music department was awarded a letter for his ability as a saxophonist in 1942.



DONALD HURLEY
U. S. Army Air Corps

Nineteen-year-old Don Hurley, who graduated in nineteen forty-one, is next on our list. While in school he participated in several sports, including hockey and football. He was one of the boys who completed school while taking an apprentice course at the G. E.

Upon graduation he planned to join the Navy, but somehow ended up in the Army Air Corps. After a maze of tests and examinations the real work began. His basic training was completed at Atlantic City and from there he went to Colby College as a member of one of the finest college training detachments. The training lasted two months, but the days were so crammed with instructions, tests and drills that it seemed only a short time until he was transferred to Nashville, Tenn., where he was classified for pilots' training, and then to Maxwell Field, where he graduated third in academic standing.

After graduation from Maxwell Field, he was assigned to a flight training detachment at Camp Douglas, Georgia. Here he received advanced basic training.

The greatest thrill in his life was the time of his first solo flight. Trying to appear relaxed, he watched the others come in. Some good, some bad. Finally his turn came. As he broke the ties of the earth, he felt the wonderful sensation of controlling a plane completely alone. This was what it was all for,

he thought, all the studying and drilling and slaving. Now he would prove his worth, if ever. Once up in the clear blue he relaxed and glided over the countryside with the ease of a bird. Finally he was signalled back. Rather nervous at the thought of landing, he nosed downward. The earth rushed toward him, nearer and nearer, faster and faster. He wasn't at all sure he was going to make it—but the time to worry was definitely not now. Suddenly he touched the earth. Boy, it felt good! And what a landing, a perfect three point!

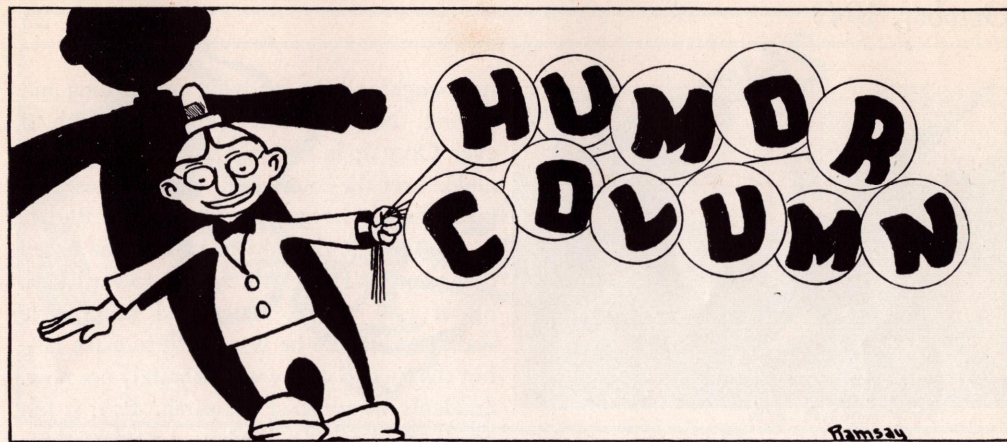
At this minute Don is being transferred again. This marks the last stage of his training and then will come full pilot rating and action.

JOHN K. WHITE, S 2/c
U. S. C. G M. B. T. S. Co. 34
Brooklyn, New York

And not overlooking the Coast Guard, we have Jack White, the Tommy Dorsey of '43. Seaman White, recently advanced to Signalman School, is stationed at Manhattan Beach.

VICTOR THRANE
U.S. Army Air Force, Somewhere in England

Last we have "Vic" Thrane, artist and glamour boy of class 1941. Although "Vic" has seen action over Germany, the events on the English home front are almost as exciting. Besides being the fond possessor of a goatee, he has scrubbed three flights of stairs with a toothbrush; purchased a petite English puppy that turned into a giant Newfoundland Wolf Dog. At a U.S.O. dance a cultured, aristocratic lady was assigned to entertain him for the length of the dance. Anxious to make an impression upon him as being very Americanized, she introduced herself with the words, "I am your Moll, Buddy."



1st Einstein: "Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?"

2nd Einstein: "Of course. Did you think it could go through?"

Soph: "Could you tell me what's good for biting fingernails?"

Senior: "Sure, sharp teeth."

Mr. McMahon: "Martin, be careful. Don't spill that acid on the floor!"

Martin: "Why not? Does the floor leak?"

Rumor has it that Ken Whitney collapsed the other night. Who wouldn't after playing "The Flight of the Bumblebee" on a tuba!

Someone could have made a nice profit on the first day of school by lining up the sophs at the box office in the lobby and charging admission. Too bad Mr. Strout beat me to it!

A fly in the soup is better than no meat at all.

Intellectual Student: "I hear Julius Ceaser went ten years without a haircut."

Teacher: "Why, I didn't know that he was eccentric."

Intellectual Student: "He wasn't—he was bald."

"Love is blind" says the Immortal Bard, But if you ask me he's just full of lard.

Biology Teacher: "We shall now dissect a frog. I have the unfortunate specimen right here in my coat pocket." He pulls a wrinkled brown bag from his pocket and turns it upside down. Out rolls a badly battered jam sandwich.

Teacher (turning white): "But I distinctly remember eating lunch!"

English Teacher (to soph): "What's your name?"

Soph: "My name's Claude Mergentooftle."

English Teacher: "Do you think you could find Room 203 if I sent you there on an errand?"

Soph: "I ain't so sure dat I could. I ain't never tried to get to the second floor."

English Teacher: "Gracious, don't you know the King's English?"

Soph: "He is?"

Mr. Innis noticed, during a lecture at the board in his German class, Paul Rich dreaming. In order to regain his attention Mr. Innis said:

"Board, Rich, board."

Poor Paul looked startled.

"Yes, Mr. Innis, very!" he replied.

I dream of potatoes
And thick juicy steak,
Of onions and gravy
And—Veronica Lake.

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